

# Canadian Boy

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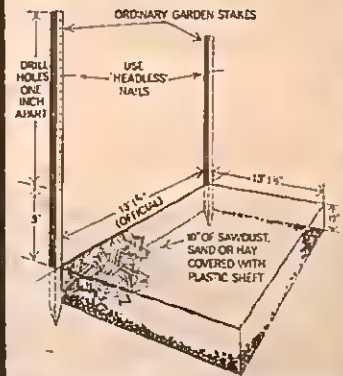
JAY C. JAMES, author of *Chicken*, started writing when she was a little girl, and had her first literary efforts published in England when she was only 14. Her work has appeared in *Chatelaine*, *The Montrealer*, *The Globe and Mail*, and a number of youth and religion publications. She and her husband, Charles, have a son and a daughter—now both teachers. Mrs. James has dabbled in everything from fiction, articles and poetry to playwriting and radio scripting. She particularly enjoys writing for young folks.

TONY PARGETER, author of our Oak Island treasure story, was born in England but calls himself a Canadian now. He's still going to school, in Toronto, where he's studying modern history at University College. At 20, Mr. Pargeter is a busy young man on campus, involved with major student activities and his college arts festival. He says his special interest lies with Canadian history, which he considers "fascinating".



## BUILD YOUR OWN HIGH JUMP PIT

In this issue, Clarke Wallace tells you how track star Wilf Wedmann "Glides over the high jump bar like a metal spring" and how this Canadian athlete lands to complete his jump. A good jump pit is very important for safety and performance in your track and field activities. So, get some of your friends together, share a pack of Wrigley's Spearmint Gum and build your own jump pit.



The diagram shows you how to make a simple, safe pit that will help you gain confidence and go on to become a winner at your school. Before jumping, be sure to rake the pit to keep landing material soft. After practice, be sure to relax and enjoy some Wrigley's Spearmint Gum. You'll enjoy the lively, long lasting flavour — a winner on any team!



# Is Anybody Out There?

On page 25 of this issue you'll see an announcement about some awards. These may interest you. The awards are not new; they've been up for grabs before. They're national awards, and they're not easy to win.

Maybe they're too tough for you. We don't know. But we're beginning to wonder.

The Drummond Trophy, for .22 calibre rifle marksmanship, seems to attract the most entries. National Headquarters officers in Ottawa have received about 50 registered competition entries so far this year, and the thing runs until the end of August.

The Pepsi-Cola Trophy, a team award, is also for .22 rifle competition, and it has brought in only six entries to date! Same deadline as the Drummond Trophy.

Later this year we're going to be announcing the Nicholson Trophy and the Amory Adventure Award. Funny thing about these awards, though...

There have been, up to press time, exactly six entries for the

Nicholson Trophy, which is offered annually for wildlife photography. Now that's pretty weird, when you figure that the annual CANADIAN BOY Photo Contests bring in thousands of entries! Our contests are just that, and you can win some pretty fair prizes some years. But the Nicholson thing is a national honor! In case anybody's interested, deadline's the end of this year.

The Amory Adventure Award has attracted only one entry this year. Deadline is past: the end of January.

One entry! That's a lousy showing. What's the matter? Doesn't anybody care anymore?

Alright. You say, "Why should we go in for these awards?" You want answers.

Okay: For the fun of it. For the competitive spirit. For the chance to win honors and awards for yourself and your Scouting group.

We're not going around shaking trees to find you. The awards are here.

Is anybody out there?

## Letters to Lester

### WHO STARTED GIRL GUIDES?

Dear Lester:

To the ignorant ones, I must say I assumed that you knew the history of Boy Scouts. Maybe you should take a short course before you fill up the boys with misinformation. I am referring to your article *Scouting at Expo* where on page 25 you stated that Lady B-P started Girl Guides. That was pretty dumb. Lord Baden-Powell himself started Girl Guides in 1910. He wasn't married until 1912. He started Girl Guides and gave us our name, then gave the job of organizing to his sister.

Mrs. D. V. Gladstone,  
North Surrey, B.C.

I asked dumb old Clarke Wallace what he had to say for himself, and this is his reply: "Among the many badges, there should be a ferreting-out badge for Mrs. Gladstone, who seems to have a nose for digging out facts. Tell her Wallace apologizes for leading Boy Scouts astray and would rather have Mrs. Gladstone for him than against him!"

—LS

### THAT HOCKEY COVER

Dear Lester,

I really liked your stories *Thumb-thing to Sing About* and *Planet of the Maneaters*. I can hardly wait to receive my next issue to complete that *Maneaters* mystery. One last thing: What was the date of the Toronto-Boston hockey game on the cover of your Jan/Feb issue?

Lyon Palmer, Ottawa, Ont.

The Editor ate my hockey schedule, but I'm pretty sure it was around November 15th.—LS

Continued on page 21

Norman Brown  
EDITOR

George Bourne  
ASSISTANT EDITOR

Richard T. Logan  
ART DIRECTOR

Margaret Large  
EDITORIAL ASSISTANT

Jack Young  
ADVERTISING MANAGER

Mary McWilliams  
SUBSCRIPTION SUPERVISOR

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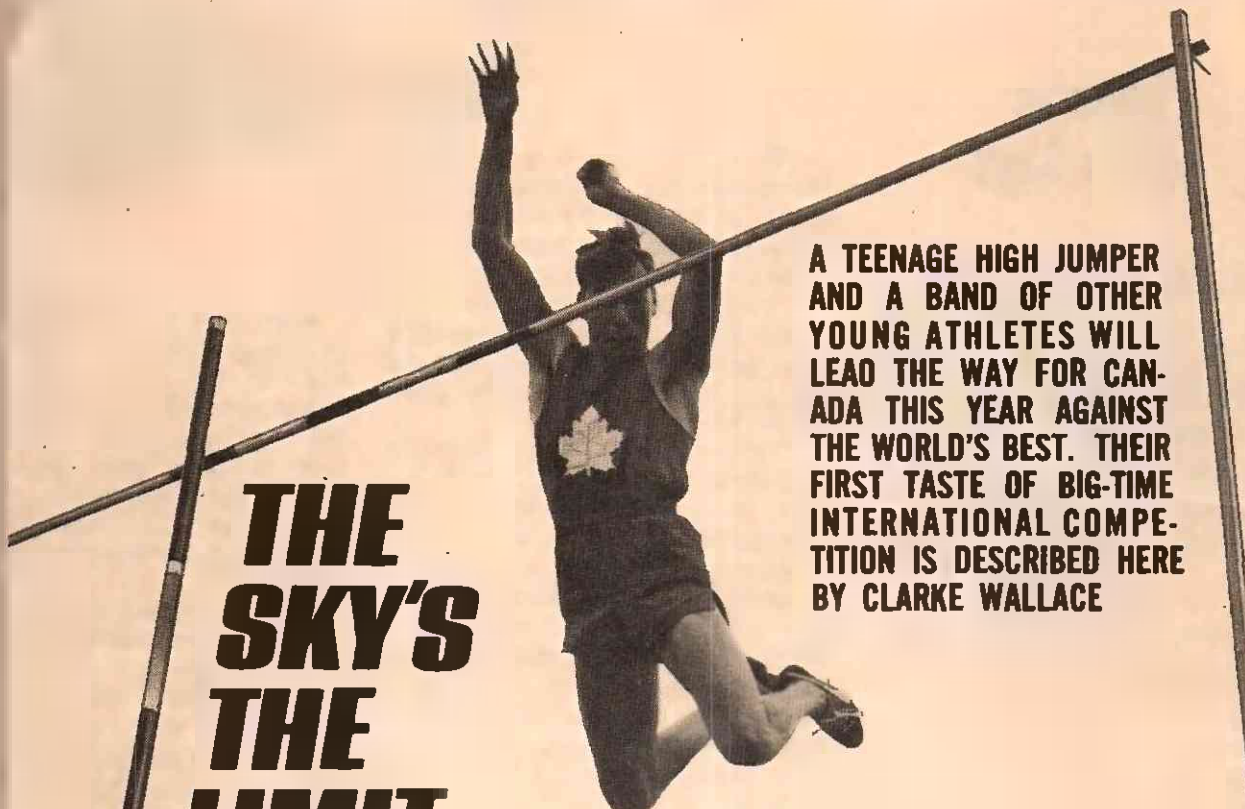
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# THE SKY'S THE LIMIT

A TEENAGE HIGH JUMPER AND A BAND OF OTHER YOUNG ATHLETES WILL LEAD THE WAY FOR CANADA THIS YEAR AGAINST THE WORLD'S BEST. THEIR FIRST TASTE OF BIG-TIME INTERNATIONAL COMPETITION IS DESCRIBED HERE BY CLARKE WALLACE

Wilf Wedmann is a quiet, rangy, 19-year-old from Vancouver who looks as though he were more **manufactured than born**. To watch him take himself over a high jump, during track and field competitions, you would swear he had come off an assembly line which produced finely-tuned steel springs.

Wilf Wedmann is just that way. He is presently a junior high jumper (representing Canada in the Pan-American games held in Winnipeg last summer), though in April he became a 'senior,' in the lingo of track and field.

Born in Germany, Wilf was brought to Canada — and the West — when less than two years old. His father did a lot of running in competitions, but Wilf, as you can see, didn't quite follow in his

father's footsteps. He decided he wanted to jump 'up' instead.

The first time he did it, in grade seven in a Vancouver public school, he broke his arm. "It was a stupid thing to do," Wilf grinned, "I just came down the wrong way." A tall athlete, measuring over six feet, he has broad shoulders, tapering down to lean hips and powerful legs. He had come east to try out for the junior team which would compete at the tri-country meet; Canada, Britain and France. He had won himself a spot and here he was in Ottawa.

He turned his head, looking toward the track where some competitors were readying



## Olympic Coach Says



By DOUG KYLE

The Olympic Games represent the ultimate in amateur sport competition. They bring together the best amateur athletes available in every country of the world. They produce champions — world champions!

The first Olympic Games were held by the ancient Greeks, long before the birth of Christ. The games were staged for many centuries before they were discontinued by the decree of a Roman emperor.

The modern Olympic Games were begun in 1896, by the Baron de Coubertin of France, and they've been held every four years since, in different countries.

This year's Olympic Games will be hosted by Mexico, in Mexico City (Continued on page 25)

themselves for the hurdles. "Hurdles," he said as he moved away. "They're good for high jumpers. Keep you in good shape." He placed his hands behind his head and pulled firmly against the resisting neck muscles. He relaxed, then did it again. His event was further down the program.

There's more fun and excitement at a track meet than you might expect. It is a four, or maybe even six-ring circus, with feats of human endurance reaching unbelievable proportions. High-jumpers taking off like small missiles, hurling themselves higher than they are tall. Straining muscles on the discus throwers as they put every inch of themselves into a throw that looks as if it might go into orbit. A real flying saucer.

And the pole vaulters. Now there is a circus act. One long, skinny pole, slapped into a metal slot by a man who holds the pole at the far, far end. Somehow, almost magically, he heaves himself off the ground. As the pole goes up, so does he, waving for a second like a human flag. Meanwhile, the hurdlers are set to go. They race down the track full out. And if that isn't enough, someone has put small barriers in their path, evenly spaced down the track.

When they start they almost look as though they are suspended in air, with the upper parts of their bodies remaining on one plane. Below their legs, blurred with motion, seem to lift up under them to clear the bar, then drop to the ground for a few steps. The legs go up and down like a landing gear on a DC-8 jet aircraft.

Then who could forget the spear throwing. No, the javelins. Right out of a jungle film. How they ever get those things off the shoulder and into the air, to come down and STICK IN, is beyond someone who can't even stick a hunting knife into the ground in five paces.

All these events and more took place at the tri-country meet. And this wasn't just another meet. It marked the gathering together of the finest team of young athletes in Canada's history, giving us a chance to see what the country's top juniors could do with stiff international competition.

Along with the competition came a stiff breeze which raced up and down the field as though it was competing in the 440 yard event. But it didn't stop anyone, though it might have hampered records that would have been broken.

Coach of the hand-picked Canadian junior team was Harry Kerrison of Ottawa. A strong believer in good competition, Mr. Kerrison said, "this is what we lack most of all. Look at the English team here. Some of them are taking off for competition in Moscow after this. They do this sort of thing all the time. So do the French. That's what we lack, international events, right at the junior level."

But that does not mean that Canada is falling behind in track and field. All you have to do is look at the junior records, for instance, over the past five or six years. Records don't seem to last long now. Take Canadian junior records: 100 yards,



set in 1962; shot put, set 1966; women's 220, 1966; men's discus, set 1966.

And the juniors are our 'big guns' next. So it isn't too difficult to see the upsurge in track and field in Canada. Coach Kerrison has more to say about this.

"Look at the way we've come along. Juniors, good strong competitors. Coming out of every nook and cranny across the country. Now our kids are getting the opportunity to be coached and brought along." Then he added with a wink, "just watch our team today this afternoon. I personally think you will be surprised. Come and see me later, if I'm wrong."

I was going to add my feelings, that they couldn't do worse than third spot, but I didn't think it was healthy comment. I could always tease him later, if we found ourselves away down the ladder.

Among those representing Canada were Wilf Wedmann, of course; Doug Morris, from Toronto, a pole vaulter; Sheila Flowers, of Welland, a high jumper and Jay Dahlgren, a javelin thrower, all destined to give England and France a run for their money.

Wilf Wedmann paced around the high jump area, still limbering up his legs and swinging his arms. There was time yet before his event would begin. In the meantime he watched the women's high jump, with Sheila Flowers ready to take a whack at the five feet, five inch notch.

She was standing some twenty paces from the high jump standards. The wind was rocking the cross bar. She waited for someone to steady it. It was down to the wire now. Her chief competitor, Yvonne Saunders of England, a thin girl who was a head taller than Sheila, had missed it for the third time. She watched Sheila too, because if she made it, she would win for Canada.

Sheila's hands dangled down in front of her, almost waving in the wind. Then an airplane went over, cutting her concentration. A car on the other side of the wire fence surrounding R. D. Campbell stadium, beeped its horn. Sheila straightened and looked around. Although other events were going on, on other

parts of the infield, everybody around Sheila and the high jump were still as mice.

Wilf watched her bend down again, arms loose. All at once the muscles tightened. She shifted her head, then sprung into action. As she neared the bar her pace quickened. This was followed by the left leg which, close to the bar now, she swung up high in front of her. The powerful right leg bent slightly, then drove her upward.

Up and over she went. As she hit the billowy air cushions on the other side she realized she had won her event.

Wilf Wedmann was one of the first to congratulate her as she ran around the infield shouting happily. She just couldn't believe it. Wilf looked around him, hoping that he too might win the high jump. Just then someone came up and took him aside. He had another ten minutes before his event would begin.

Talking with Coach Kerrison during this pause, he told me that Wedmann was the man to watch.

"Mind you, there are others who are good in their class, but if it's one man you want who has a good chance of going to the Olympics, he's the one."

The Olympics, '68 variety, are taking place in Mexico City this summer. There is a good chance Wedmann will be among those representing Canada — as he was for the Pan-Am games, last summer.

"I'd like to do seven feet before going to the Olympics," he said later. "I placed fourth in the Pan-Ams, out of ten or eleven. It wasn't good enough I got six feet six and a quarter inches. That . . . wasn't really good enough."

(Maybe not good enough for the Pan-Ams, but outstanding when you consider that a six-foot jump is about all most Canadian juniors can do. And each inch above that gets harder to make.)

He continued. "All you have to do these days is to look at the track records. Native ones, here in Canada. They're going up and up. We are giving a much better show on the  
(Continued on page 27)







# CHICKEN

BY JAY C. JAMES

## How can a guy turn down a dare? Especially when the game is "chicken" — where there are only one-time losers!

Even as he backed the car slowly out of the garage Jerry half-hoped he would hear his father's voice telling him he had changed his mind, and that he couldn't have the car tonight, after all. But there was no sound from the house as he drove into the dusk-shrouded street.

Although the light was fading, the car gleamed and the chrome sparkled. The ornamental stag on the hood looked as if it were galvanized into action as he changed gears and settled himself behind the wheel. The stag and the plaid seat covers were Dad's special pride. He'd skimped on his lunches for those little extras.

Jerry rounded the corner carefully. He had told his parents he was taking Deena Wilson for a drive, but that wasn't the whole story. Shaking his head he tried to dispel the doubts that were flooding over him, and as if to strengthen his resolution he stepped on the gas and headed straight for the Old Ridge Road.

In a few minutes he would be playing 'chicken' with Gil Stewart. He would be pitting his own nerve and his parents' first new car against Gil and his flamboyant European import.

He was driving towards the edge of town. Frowning, he flexed his jean-clad legs, and brushed impatiently at the lock of hair that hung in his eyes. How had he got into this thing, anyway?

He and Deena had been talking in the corridor at school. He had just said, "How about going for a ride in our new car tonight, Deena? That's if Dad will let me borrow it." Then, as Deena flashed her wide smile and nodded vigorously and dashed to her next class, he had heard Gil Stewart's voice behind him. The condescending tone made him choke with rage.

"Pretty proud of your new car, eh, MacLeod?" Gil had brushed a piece of lint off his tailored tweed jacket. "And you think you're quite a driver, too. Bet you don't dare play chicken down the Old Ridge Road!"

As a matter of fact, Jerry **did** think he was a pretty good driver. Although Dad didn't know it, he'd done some pretty fancy tricks with the old car they had just traded in. He didn't have a sports car like Gil, but he **did** have courage and he was prepared to prove it. A guy couldn't refuse a dare! You had to make things come out even, somehow.

Now he was driving through the suburbs. The houses were thinning out, and ahead stretched the Old Ridge Road. At one time the Ridge had been the main artery into the city, but now the new highway had left it in discard, never resurfaced and only occasionally patched. About the only ones who used it were the high school crowd fooling around with jalopies. (cont'd next page)





Soft twilight had suddenly become darkness and Jerry turned on the high beam and proceeded cautiously. Gil would be coming in from the other direction.

The road was even worse than he had remembered it, and the back of the car swung precariously as he drove around the potholes. The headlights picked out pieces of rotten branches and dangerously sharp, up-ended stones. Jerry's neck and shoulders ached with tension as he hunched over the wheel, and then cut the motor. Nothing but darkness lay ahead. He must be early. That would give him time to settle his nerves. His hand was shaking as he rolled down the window and gulped the cool spring air. The lights on the dash shone on the plaid seat covers, and he had a momentary picture of his dad standing in the driveway, hip-deep in waders, washing and polishing his new acquisition twice a week so he could point out its highlights to all the neighbors.

Gil Stewart's family had three cars, but *his* father didn't stand in the driveway and clean them. They were all washed at the garage. Jerry had washed some of them himself. Gil referred to them all as 'heaps'. He never bragged about them, but there was a suggestion of pride in his smile as he drove the sports model to school every day.

Jerry jerked himself back to the present. Far ahead he saw lights—headlights that blinked off and on three times. That was the way they had arranged it. Gil had arrived and was parked up there, waiting for the signal to go! Jerry stared at the key in the ignition. All he had to do was turn it on. Now was his chance to prove that if he didn't have anything else, he had courage.

Up there in the darkness the headlights blinked again, once, twice. That meant Gil was revving his motor and was all set to go.

Hand outstretched towards the key, Jerry hesitated, faltered, and then he flung the door open and stepped out. *He couldn't go through with it.* How could he explain to Gil it wasn't because he was physically afraid, but because he wasn't going to risk the thing that had cost his mother and father so much sacrifice? This was something a guy like Gil would never be able to understand.

Stumbling on the ruts he made his

way towards the headlights that glared like two ominous eyes. The road was even worse than he anticipated. He skirted the treacherous potholes and visualized crumpled fenders, broken springs and bashed-in grills. He'd seen enough wrecked cars in the garage to know just what this could mean. He had a vision of the proud metal stag, twisted beyond recognition. He ploughed on towards Gil's car. Just ahead, he saw a huge crater where the old road had given way altogether.

What was he going to say to Gil? He had reached the sports car and could see Gil's face turned towards him.

"I'm not going through with it, Gil," said Jerry, and in his own ears the words sounded weak and flat.

"Always knew you were chicken, MacLeod. Now I have proof—" Gil was slipping the car into gear with a swift motion of the stickshift. "Wait 'til the guys hear about *this!*"

"Hey, Gil, back up! Don't go down the road. It's all busted up! You'll never make it —" Jerry clung frantically to the window frame as Gil pulled abruptly away.

Helplessly, Jerry watched the tail-lights bouncing from side to side as Gil careened into the night. He stood frozen to the spot, as the red glow suddenly veered across the road. Gil must have spotted the gaping hole ahead of him and spun in the other direction. There was a nervewracking screech and squeal of tires, a crash like an explosion and then silence.

Jerry found himself pounding frantically down the furrowed road.

Gil had crashed into the ditch. As he ran, this was sinking in. His legs were hurting but he kept on going. From the deep ditch on the other side of the road shone two headlights, up-tilted until they resembled searchlights. Then, as he stumbled towards them, Jerry heard the sound of scrambling, and a high-pitched voice yelling, "Hey, give me a hand, MacLeod. No bones broken, but I'm sure winded!"

Gil Stewart was all right. Jerry reached down and helped to haul him out of the ditch. He couldn't see Gil's face, but his hand was icy, and even when he stood on the rocky firmness of the Ridge Road, Gil's voice had a thin, reedy quality Jerry had never heard before.

"Guess you weren't the only one who chickened out tonight, MacLeod. I think there was room enough for me to get through, if I'd had nerve enough to try it. But I got rattled and headed for the ditch. Tell you what. I won't say anything about what happened tonight, if you don't. You'll have to give me a lift back to town so I can have the garage pick up the pieces. I guess the car's ready for the junkyard! Let's take a look at it."

As Jerry searched his car for a flashlight, he was still shaking. It was a miracle that Gil wasn't lying there, dead. Scrambling through the tall weeds with Gil at his side, he shone the flashlight on the wrecked car.

"It turned over three times—" Gil was becoming his old nonchalant self. "Look at the roof! It's like a beat-up tin can. The lights are the only things that aren't smashed!"


Jerry looked, and felt sick. *This pile of junk could have been their car. The first new one they'd ever had.* Just because he'd wanted to prove something. The only thing he would have proved was that he was some kind of a nut like Gil Stewart.

After dropping Gil off, Jerry turned the car around and headed for Deena's house. Under the street lights the car glowed with its innumerable coats of wax, and the stag rode regally ahead.

At Deena's he parked under the street light and then walked critically around the car, making sure there was no Old Ridge Road mud on it. Everything was okay.

He took the verandah steps two at a time. Deena was standing there, her figure a tense outline against the porch light. Like the rest of the kids she had known via the school grapevine what was going to happen tonight.

"I thought you'd never get here, Jerry," her voice had the sound of tears behind it. "Somebody said you were going to play 'chicken' with Gil Stewart tonight. But I knew you'd never do a silly thing like that! It never proves anything."

He glanced at Deena's up-tilted profile. Someday he might tell her how much courage it had taken to confront Gil and call the whole thing off. Someday he might tell her that once he *had* been chicken. That was when he had been afraid to turn down Gil's dare, in the first place. 



## A SPACEJUMPERS ADVENTURE

Synopsis: Jim, Jeannie, Foureyes, Bingo and Moose blast off for a planet nearly 3,000 lightyears away from Earth, in search of luxinium, a fantastic metal worth \$200,000 an ounce. On the way, they discover Jeannie can sense things others are unaware of, through extrasensory perception (ESP). On the strange planet, Bingo stumbles onto a weird population of 40-foot humanoid monsters. The Luxinian creatures capture all the kids and pop them into huge stewpots full of boiling water!

# ALONG WITH THE SPACEJUMPERS



## Conclusion: ESPer's Warning

BY RAE PARKER

When they bobbed to the surface of the boiling water, Foureyes was the first to realize why they hadn't been boiled alive. They were wearing their spacesuits, air-conditioned and impenetrable to almost anything but a laser gun.

He laughed. "Somebody tell them to put more fuel on the fire. It's a bit chilly in here." The worst any of them felt was a little seasick from being tossed around the six-foot pot by the water's boiling.

Jeannie giggled. "This is fun!"

"It won't be for long," said her big brother, Jim, seeing the Luxinians staring with disbelief into the pot. "How do we get out of this thing?"

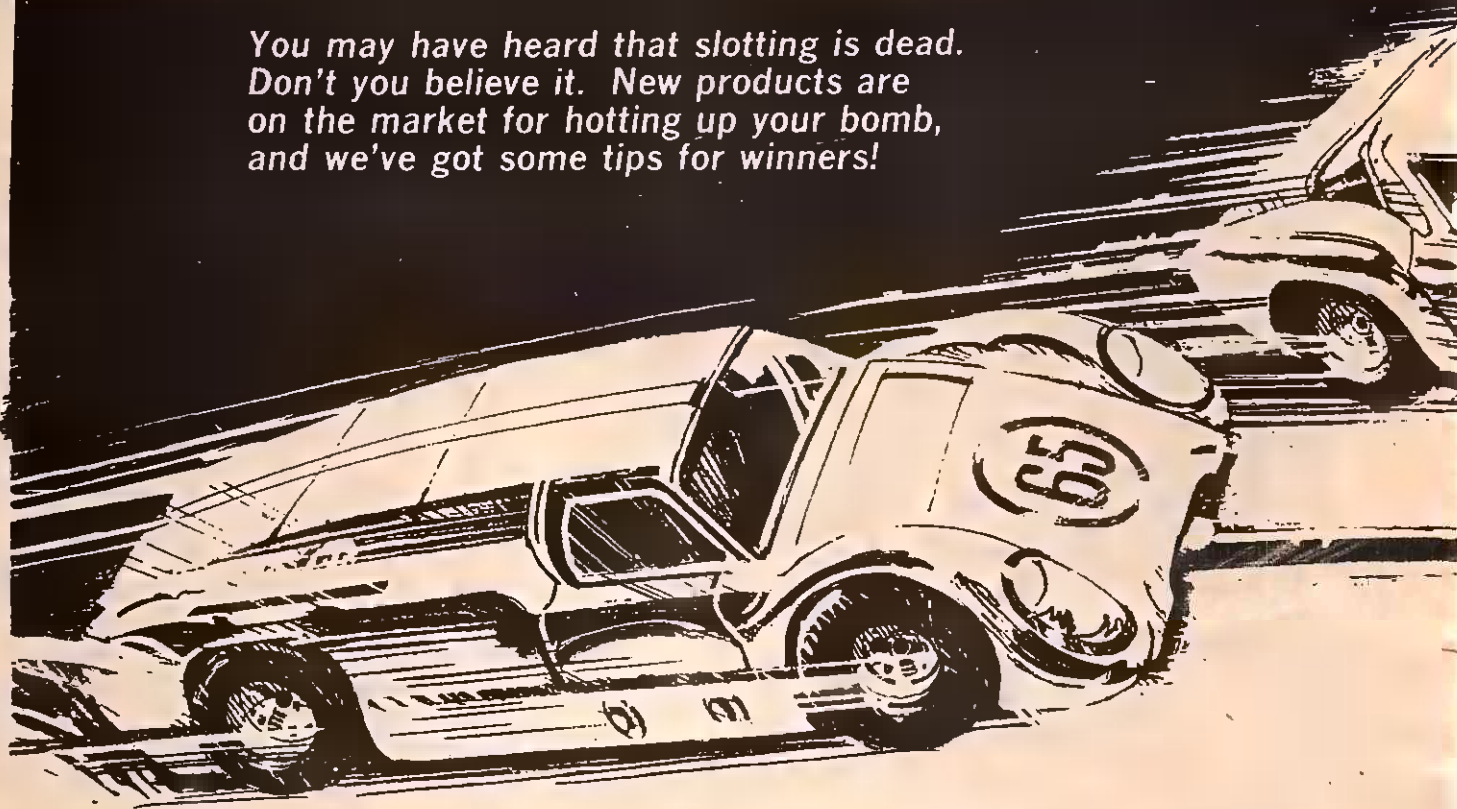
The Luxinians solved that problem for them. They scooped them out with large spoons, then stood gaping at them. The idea of clothing had never occurred to them, with their perpetually ideal climate, and they thought their captives' spacesuits were simply their skins. Other Luxinians started to crowd around, to see this miracle which was beyond their understanding.

One reached out and touched Moose. He got a scalded finger, for the outsides of the suits were still hot.

"Let's run for it," suggested Moose, "while they're still confused." (Continued on page 19)



You may have heard that slotting is dead. Don't you believe it. New products are on the market for hotting up your bomb, and we've got some tips for winners!



# SLOT RACING A HANDEDL OF THRILLS!



By Ken Browning  
and George Bourne

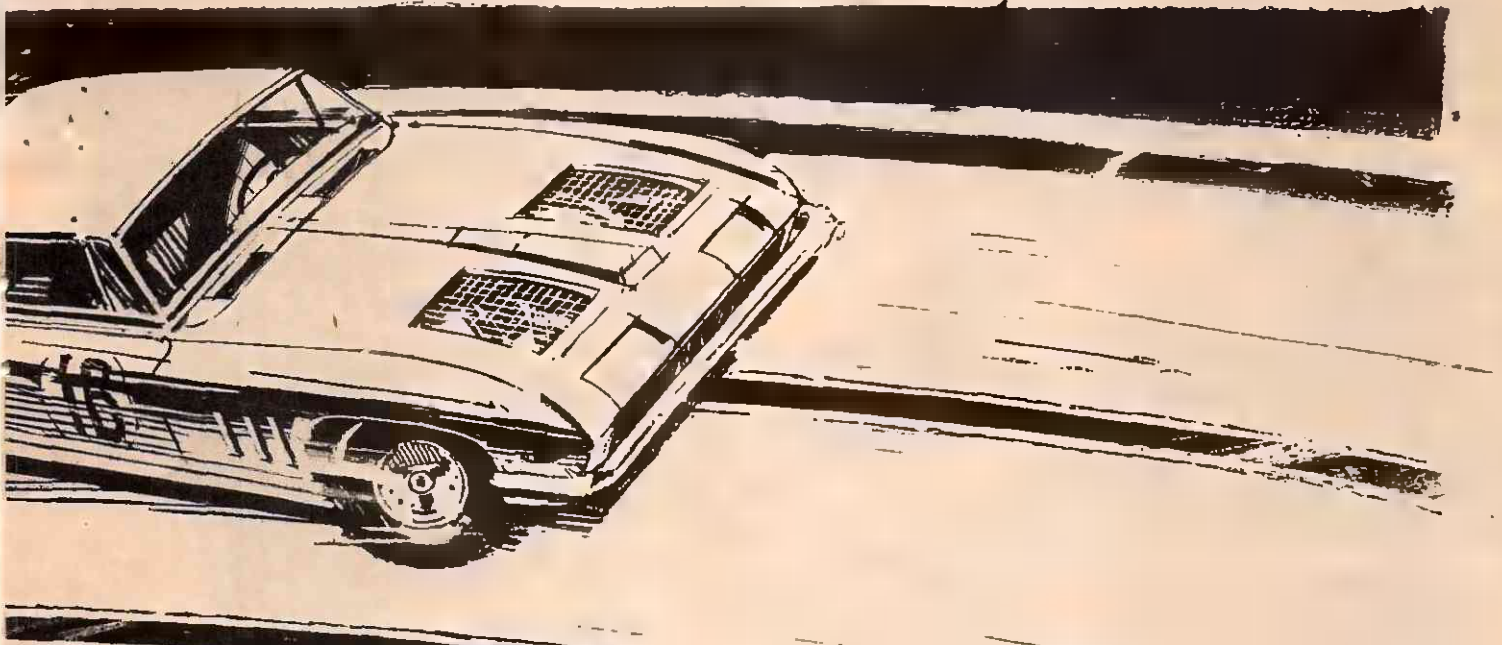
If you haven't heard of slot car racing by now, you're either a permanent resident of Mount Everest or an explorer on your ninth year of a ten-year trip up the Amazon!

Since it caught on in North America more than a decade ago, the hobby-sport of racing miniature electric cars on a slotted track has reached a peak of popularity that far outstrips model railroading or model aircraft or model rocketry.

Slot car racing sprouted from model railroading, almost unnoticed, about 15 years ago. Some bright chaps in Britain took a hard look at their model trains, decided they wanted wilder action, and came up with an idea for "rail racing". They figured they could easily substitute locomotives with model automobiles — about one-thirtieth of real-life size — and power them by electrical contact with a metal rail running alongside a model roadway. It worked!

The cars carried tiny motors similar to the ones then used in





model locomotives. Hand-held "throttles" controlled driving speeds.

Soon other British boys decided the rail was too limiting. It didn't allow the cars to spin out or even fish-tail in the turns. No realism!

So they devised a "slot" to replace the rail. And that, my son, is how slot car racing was born. . . It's a lot bigger now in every way. After all, a good 15 years have drifted by since then.

Some people have been saying that slot racing is dead. They've been saying it for about five years. And they'll probably go on saying it for another five years! Slot racing isn't dead or dying; it's not even sick. It's had its ups and downs, and it is changing in some respects.

Nowadays the manufacturers involved in the slot racing supplies business are no longer considered toymakers. They are

miniature engineering companies. Some of them have been making model railroading equipment for many years. Some of them made ball bearings for real machinery, so they scaled down their operations to meet the demands for better slot car engineering.

A few are in the model aircraft engine field, too, and they know about tiny tolerances and minimum friction factors.

The new chemistry of the silicones gave slot cars a boost, when thousands of miniature racers roared off the starting line wearing silicone tires on their rear wheels. Now, though, a lot of people have decided they like "spongies" better.

AJ's National Raceways, a division of Twinn-K, Inc., of Indianapolis, makes both silicones and

spongies, in all scales from 1/87 (HO) all the way up through 1/32 to 1/24.

These are available in most Canadian hobby shops and slot shops (at commercial raceways) at reasonable prices.

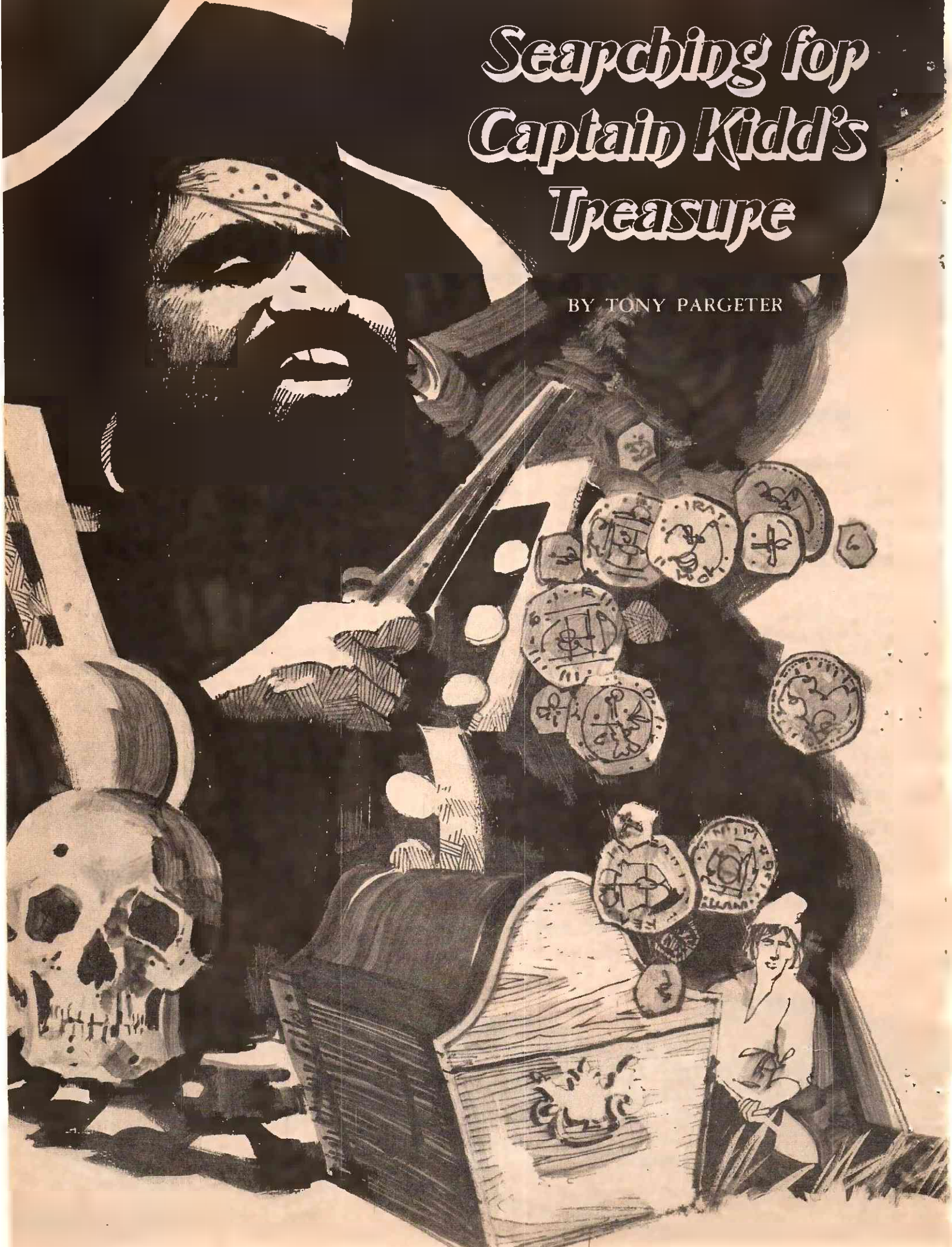
Sometimes you'll hear about "foamies" or "closed-cell" tires. Same thing, pretty well. Just make sure of what you want before you get into high-priced stuff. Cox is a good brand name — dependable and easy to deal with (Continued on page 33)





# Searching for Captain Kidd's Treasure

BY TONY PARGETER





Pirate treasure in Canada?  
It's for real, and here's  
how a teenager spent a  
summer looking for it.



*Peter Beamish, young physicist and organizer of the expedition, takes a conductivity test in one of our salt pits. This is his second try at treasure-hunting on Oak Island.*

*John Spector, another Canadian teen treasure-seeker, shovels wet mud out of the same salt pit. This is work!*

## Adventures in Canada



*Groundwork, well under way, for construction of our docking facilities on Frog Island. This job took an entire day, using rocks and driftwood.*

You've all read tales of pirate ships and lost treasure, but you probably didn't know Canada has its own "treasure island": tiny Oak Island in Mahone Bay, Nova Scotia. Since the site was discovered in 1795, so much evidence has accumulated that this is considered one of the most certain locations of buried pirate treasure in the world.

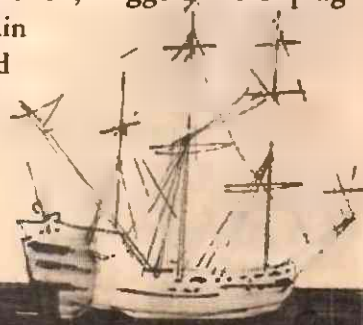
Back in 1795, three teenagers from the recently settled town of Chester found a strange, shallow depression on Oak Island that had clearly been visited by someone a number of years before. Intrigued by stumps of cut-down oaks and a wooden block nailed to a tree, they began to dig. About two feet down, they discovered a layer of flagstones, evidently not naturally formed there. Below this, they entered a filled-in pit about seven feet in diameter. As they and their helpers dug down, they found hard walls of unworked clay enclosing looser earth that was easy to remove. They found a platform of partly rotten oak timbers ten feet below, beneath which the soil had settled about two feet. After digging fifteen feet farther, the settlers had to give up to return to work.

Since then, there have been at least twenty

major attempts to recover treasure on Oak Island, the latest of which I participated in last year. The quests have so far cost over \$1,500,000 and have claimed at least a dozen lives, including four who died of asphyxiation in a pit they were digging in 1965. These expeditions have uncovered a fantastically large and complex engineering work. In 1804 the excavations were continued to a depth of ninety-eight feet. At each ten-foot interval a platform of oak timbers was found, accompanied by such substances as putty and coconut fibre. Deep in the pit an inscribed stone was found, which no one could decipher, and which has since been lost.

From this time on, diggers were plagued by water, which again and again flooded the pit. In 1849 drills passed through what

*Continued on  
page 29*





# OTTO Matic

by Vic Atkinson

You'll recall we left OTTO Matic and his rusty rodog, RINTINCAN, heading for BAFFIN ISLAND, to seek the help of the humans who had been exiled to the Arctic after the robots took over. The breakdown of their Great Computer plunged the robot world into a powerless mess of rusty junk. On their way north.....

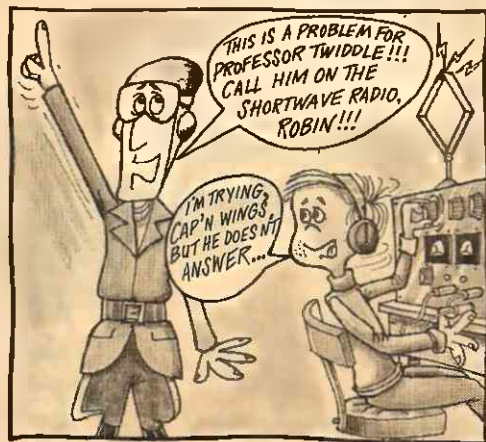


Otto and Rin Tin run into a blizzard!



LATER, BACK ON BAFFIN....

OTTO POURS OUT HIS SAD TALE OF THE RUST AND RUINATION, THE COMPLETE BREAKDOWN OF THE ROBOT SOCIETY. HE ADMITS THAT THE HUMANS ARE VERY NECESSARY TO HELP THE FEW SURVIVING ROBOTS REBUILD THEIR COMRADES AND GET THINGS BACK TO NORMAL



TO BE CONTINUED IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF C.B.



# HEY!



## CALGARY

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## SPACEJUMPERS

Continued from page 13

"No good," said Jim. "Didn't you see how fast they ran when they were carrying us here? We couldn't get twenty feet!"

"Maybe," said Foureyes. "Let's try it anyway. What have we got to lose? All together on the count of three. Don't forget, this planet has only half the gravity of Earth. We should be pretty fast ourselves. Ready? One, two, three!"

They all ran for the nearest tunnel, through and around the legs of the surprised and hesitant Luxinians. It was three or four seconds before their captors came to their senses and started after them. By the time the kids reached the tunnel there were monsters after them.

Jim, the fittest, was well in the lead. Moose, Jeannie and Foureyes followed in that order, but all quite a way behind. The Luxinians slowly gained on the tail-enders, though it seemed Jim could outrun the fastest Luxinian in the low gravity. Jeannie stumbled and fell.

"Keep going," Foureyes yelled to the others. "If we can get away, we can find a way to come back and get both Jeannie and Bingo, but if we stop for her, we're all caught." Without looking, he knew the Luxinians were only a hundred feet behind, and closing. They would have already caught Jeannie.

But, much to his surprise, a few seconds later, Jeannie was sailing over his head. His first thought was that the Luxinians had picked her up and thrown her at them, trying to knock them off their feet. But Jeannie had simply thought of what they had all overlooked: her jet-pack. Foureyes glanced over his shoulder. The Luxinians were lumbering along only forty feet behind him and, with their thirty-foot arms . . . . He reached back and switched on his jet-pack, telling the others to do the same.

It was tricky, manoeuvring with jet-packs in those dimly-lit tunnels, but in half an hour they had completely lost their pursuers.

Meanwhile, Bingo had heard what happened, over his helmet radio. He flicked on his own jet-pack and literally flew out of his surprised captor's hands. It took him an hour, with the aid of a homing signal sent out by

Continued on page 20



TEACH YOURSELF AT HOME

# KARATE

THE WORLD'S MOST DEVASTATING SELF-DEFENCE WEAPON

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- LEARN PROPER TRAINING
- DEVELOP SUPER MUSCLEPOWER

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marksmanship  
can win  
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DRUMMOND  
TROPHY  
AND  
THE  
PEPSI-COLA  
TROPHY  
for you and  
your team!**

If you are 14 or older, you are eligible for either or both of these national awards, just by aiming a .22 rifle in the right direction and pumping up a bullseye full of bullet holes. Easy? Ask your Scouter or Venturer Advisor for full details about these Canadian trophies. He can refer to the January 1968 issue of The Scout Leader. Both trophies are up for grabs now. See if you're good enough to win the Drummond Trophy. Or help your team, troop or company walk off with the Pepsi-Cola Trophy. Get cracking on it today!

## SPACEJUMPERS

*Continued from page 19*

Foureyes, to find a cavern where the others were waiting for him.

"I wish we had a pair of handcuffs," muttered Jim, "or a good strong leash to put Bingo on so he can't wander off and get us into more trouble."

"Ah, why don't you blast off and flame out! Weren't my fault."

"If you hadn't been trying to get out of some work, it wouldn't have happened."

Moose interrupted. "I guess it's my fault we're trapped, me and my big belly trying to squeeze through the opening and bringing all those rocks down. Darn this belly of mine anyway! All it's good for is getting us stuck in caves and for squashing flat Spacejumpers who try picking fights with each other."

He smiled in turn at Bingo and Jim, who quickly decided they had better things to do than risk being sat on by Moose.

"There must be a way out somewhere," said Foureyes. "We saw a couple of air-holes when we were on the surface. All we have to do is find one, and Jeannie should be able to pick a route with her ESP. How about it, Jeannie?"

The cavern they were in was a mile wide, three miles long, and ranged from fifty feet to three hundred feet high. There were about a hundred tunnels and corridors of various sizes, leading off in different directions. They began to circle the cavern, Jeannie concentrating on each tunnel they came to. From most, she sensed a definite "no exit" and there were a few she wasn't sure about.

"Jeannie! Look-out!" cried Jim. A tremendously long, hairless arm with two thumbs and two forefingers for a "hand" darted out from a crevice in the wall. Jeannie, warned by Jim's outburst, scooted just out of the way. Suddenly hundreds of Luxinians were pouring out of tunnels from every direction, their arms reaching for the trapped Spacejumpers. This part of the cavern was fairly narrow, and only sixty feet high. Most of the Luxinians could touch the ceiling with no trouble at all, so it did the kids little good to try hovering above their heads. They dodged and darted, frantically evading the reaching, oversized, distorted hands. "Try to reach

that last tunnel, where the draft was!" yelled Foureyes, just as two thumbs and two forefingers grabbed him by a foot. He twisted, squirmed and gave full blast to his jet-pack, and managed to escape. He manoeuvred his way to the tunnel and, not hesitating, blasted full power along its corridor. He saw Jim and Jeannie ahead of him, and a quick glance over his shoulder told him that Bingo was right behind him and that the Luxinians seemed reluctant to follow, even though the tunnel was large enough for most of them. Foureyes slowed to a stop, and the others gathered around him. They watched as Moose darted between several legs and narrowly evaded a final out-reaching Luxinian hand.

They continued deeper into the tunnel, following the stream of fresh air. They entered a small cavern which was lined all around with a type of plant they hadn't seen before. All the others had been almost white, with slight tints of red, yellow, blue, or purple. But these were vivid red, and cast a bright red light. Bingo wanted to pick a few samples, but Foureyes said there was no time. "We can come back later for samples."

They came to a large hole in the tunnel's roof, an up-branching tunnel. The air was coming down, quite cold now, although it didn't bother them in their spacesuits. The red plants lining the sides were limp and lifeless.

Moose, looking up, saw the twinkle of a star. They jetted upwards and found the walls beginning to be lined with ice, which got thicker as they went upwards. The passage narrowed because of it. There was no room to get through.

Ten feet above them, open air and freedom beckoned. But the opening was only six inches across. "Of course!" exclaimed Foureyes. "It's 120 degrees in daylight, but at night it must drop to 50 or 60 below zero, and the ice forms at these holes, almost blocking them. We'll have to wait until the sun comes up to melt the ice. An hour or two."

"Good," said Bingo, "I think I'll go back down and get some of those red plants. If we can grow them on Earth, we won't need electric lights."

They all went back down. Bingo dug one of the plants off the wall but it was limp and lifeless from the cold, so he left it and they went back to

*Continued on page 28*



## LETTERS

Continued from page 4

### STAMPS CAN HELP

Dear Lester:

I enclose to you in this letter a number of stamps from the countries of Canada, United States, British Isles, France, New Zealand, Germany, Argentina, Mexico, Australia and Norway. These stamps are of five-cent denomination and over. I hope that these will assist in helping Scouting come to the many handicapped boys in the world. I have had my own personal collection for four years now and have had many extra stamps lying around, not knowing what to do with them. I would like to comment that this is helping me with my star work, for I am a Cub in the 3rd Burnaby Centre Cub Pack.

*Donald McDonald, Burnaby, B. C.*

**Thank you, Don! We've forwarded your stamps to the World Bureau. If anybody else wants to help in this way, send your stamps direct to: Boy Scouts World Bureau, 77 Metcalfe Street, Ottawa, Ont.—LS**

### REGS FOR ROCKETRY

Dear Lester:

A couple of years ago someone wrote your editor to tell about model rocketry in this country. At that time it was illegal to obtain and use model rocket engines, not kits, in this country. Since April 30, 1966, an organization known as the Canadian Association of Rocketry has been promoting the hobby here. Only members of this organization may fire model rockets in this country. Copies of *Approved Regulations for Rocketry by Amateurs in Canada* may be obtained, along with more information, including a membership form, by writing to: The Canadian Association of Rocketry, c/o The Royal Canadian Flying Clubs Association, 2277 Riverside Drive East, Ottawa 8, Ont. If you want the rule book, be sure to enclose 25 cents. For information on kits and parts, write to: Estes Industries, Inc., Box 227, Penrose, Colorado 81240, and ask for their catalogue 651.

*T. McElligott, Montreal, Que.*

Dear Lester:

I read Canadian Boy all the time and I think that your magazine is one of the best magazines that is written in Canada. I was in Cubs last year and I had subscribed to Canadian Boy, but now I'm too old for Cubs and there isn't a Scout troop in my district. I was wondering if I could still get Canadian Boy? Could you tell me if I have to renew it and how much a year or two's subscription would cost?

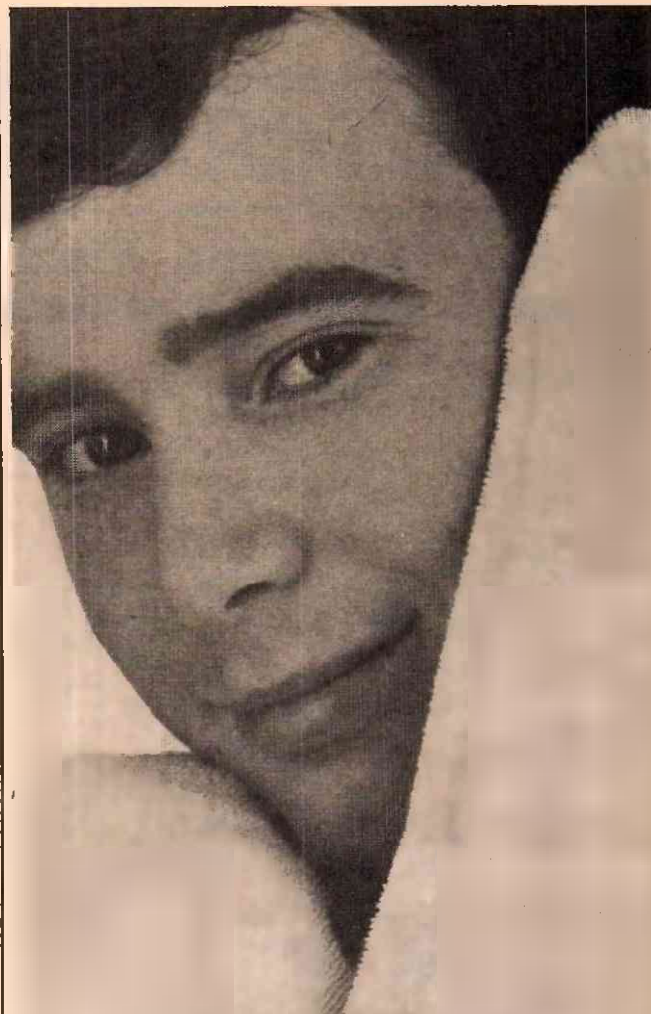
*Craig Regan, North Surrey, B.C.*

**If you're no longer a registered member of the Scouting movement, you'll have to pay the subscription rates quoted in the fine print on our Contents page. Are you sure there isn't a Scout troop somewhere near you?—LS**

Dear Lester:

How about a couple of pages in CB for a swapping corner? I don't know how you could run it but I think it would be a big success, because when any two Scouts from different districts get together, what is the first thing they do? Swap!

*Bill Lipsit, Montreal, Que.*



**Keeps working  
after you wash it off!**

When you have acne everyone keeps telling you to keep your skin clean; pHisoHex tells you how.

If you'll spend a few minutes every day washing with pHisoHex, it will keep on killing bacteria between washings. To cover blemishes as well as heal them, pHisoAc will take over the job. Together they'll keep your skin as clean as is humanly possible, and blemish free.



**For acne:  
give your face  
a pHisoHex scrub**

pHisoHex T.M. reg'd. Canada

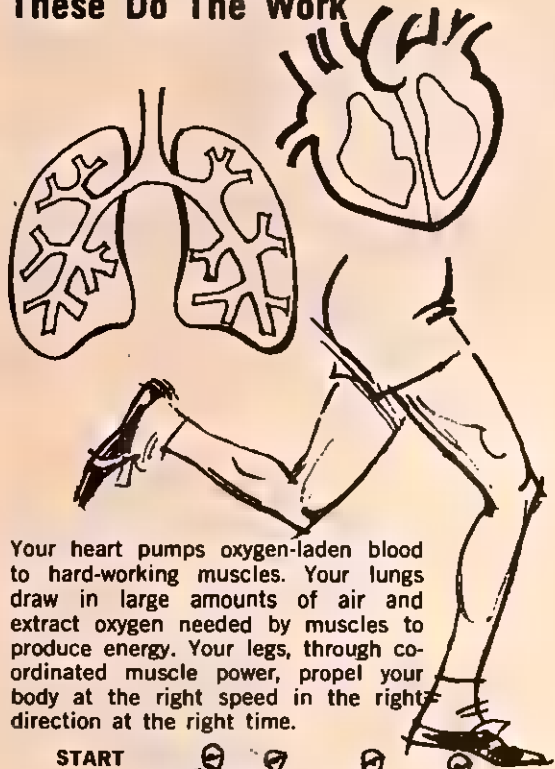


# SCOUTCRAFT

## Fit For Track and Field

Nearly everyone can take part successfully in track and field events. The action calls for speed, endurance and skill. So stretch those leg muscles and give your heart and lungs a chance to grow and work their wonders!

### These Do The Work



Your heart pumps oxygen-laden blood to hard-working muscles. Your lungs draw in large amounts of air and extract oxygen needed by muscles to produce energy. Your legs, through co-ordinated muscle power, propel your body at the right speed in the right direction at the right time.

START



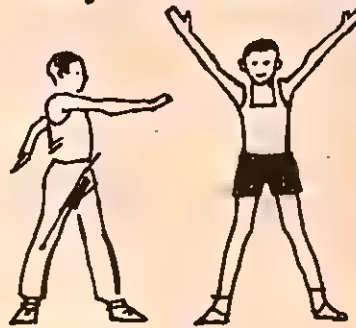
100 YARD DASH

RELAY RACE



LOW HURDLES

### They Work Best When You:



Exercise regularly using a series of calisthenics and workouts on gym apparatus. Muscles respond to meet stress and increase their capacity for work.

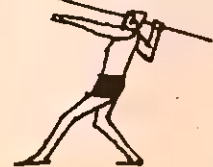
Sleep for eight or nine hours every night. This gives your body a rest from its work and strengthens its resources in readiness for the next day's workout and general activity.



Eat balanced meals and try to have a variety of dairy foods, meat, fruit and vegetables, bread and cereals. You need these to furnish energy, build and repair body tissues, and to regulate body processes.



Warm up before track and field events and when you prepare for workouts in a gym or outdoors.



JAVELIN THROW

LONG JUMP



HIGH JUMP



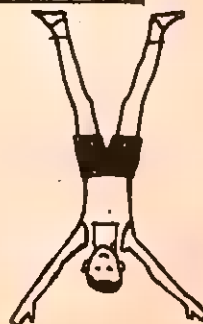
### Want Help?

Ask your Scouter, or:  
 — school coach  
 — YMCA instructor  
 — Canadian Legion track club  
 — recreation director  
 — librarian  
 — family doctor  
 They can give you information and ideas!

### Take Part In A Field Day

Some events for your own field day in late Spring are shown here. Nearly every school, and most Scout troops, hold a field day. Start to get into con-

dition for it now. Begin with small exercises and gradually build to bigger ones. Equipment need not be elaborate, but it must be safe!





# Science

## THE LASER BEAM:

The ray gun of science fiction has become an amazing reality!

As the hand closed upon the switch, the glistening steel box emitted a whine that filled the room. The needle on the control panel climbed higher, hesitated and stopped moving. A finger pressed the firing button and a vicious crack, like a pistol shot, echoed off the walls. At the same instant a small, incredibly dazzling beam of light flashed out of the box. Blinding radiation instantly vaporized a piece of steel in a shower of hot sparks!

What we have described demonstrates the power of the laser, the marvellous new scientific development that emits narrow, highly concentrated shafts of light—the sharpest, brightest, most intense light known to man.

In extremely small areas, it burns billions of times brighter than the light generated at the sun's surface. The once-dreamed-of "ray guns" of science fiction have become reality!

The history of this ray began in 1960 when Dr. Theodore Maiman, working in California, produced from a ruby crystal the world's first laser beam, a brilliant red light. Earlier, the Nobel prizewinning scientist, Dr. Charles Towne, had paved the way for Maiman's laser in his experiments with light.

In order to understand laser light we must first examine how it differs from ordinary light produced by, say, a flashlight. In this case, the white

light is a mixture of the various colors of the rainbow which, when mixed, produce "white light". This jumbling of the colors of the natural spectrum causes the light waves to get out of step with one another and then fly off in widely diverging directions. Even with a lens in a flashlight, the light beam travels just so far before it fades, as you know. This is because it is impossible to produce a light beam capable of travelling any great distance without having it spread out along the way—regardless of what lens or lenses you might use.

Laser light travels in a direct flow that remains compact for remarkable distances. The secret of the laser's power is that its light has been purified and unscrambled so that it is essentially only one color with the waves all moving in the same direction. The waves are all in step, reinforcing each other like the many voices in a choir, or a thousand soldiers all walking in step across a flimsy bridge.

There are many useful uses for the laser. Because of its intense heat it can be used for welding metal, especially in repairs at hard-to-reach places. It has been successfully used to detect fake works of art by analyzing the paint. In some cases, it can subdue cancer by killing the cells. More recently it has been used by doctors for "welding" operations on the human eye.

Dentists, too, have been experimenting with the laser. By zapping teeth with laser rays, they have found that the surfaces of the teeth tend to resist decay.

Do you have a tattoo you want to get rid of? The laser can erase it.

Even warts and other skin blemishes can be removed with the "light-knife".

By D. A. Coburn

You may order from this coupon or coupon on inside front cover.

### THE NEW BOOK OF KNOWLEDGE 200 University Avenue, Toronto, Ont.

Gentlemen: Without obligation, please send my free copy of "The Magic Carpet." I am interested in what it can tell me about THE NEW BOOK OF KNOWLEDGE.

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**CUBS!  
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# HELP AGAIN

The Wolf Cub Five Star Scheme is being reviewed. You can help by filling in this form and sending it to us.

Number the Stars from 1 to 5 in the order you like them best.

- Black Star
- Blue Star
- Green Star
- Red Star
- Tawny Star

What was your first choice?

..... Why did you choose this? .....

List three activities of the Star work that you like

- a)
- b)
- c)

List the three activities of Star work that you don't like

- a)
- b)
- c)

List the three activities that you would like to see added to Star activities

- a)
- b)
- c)

Tell us what you think about the Cub book "The Way to the Stars". How old are you?

### THE WOLF CUB SUBCOMMITTEE

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OTTAWA 5, ONTARIO

# CANADATA

**A** FAMILIAR ODOR IN CANADA IS THAT OF A SKUNK.... THE ACTIVE INGREDIENT IS ETHANETHOL (ETHYL MERCAPTAN) WHICH IS PERCEPTIBLE IF AS LITTLE AS 0.000,000,000,000,071 OF AN OUNCE IS INHALED... SUCH A TRIVIAL AMOUNT IS STILL 19,400,000,000 MOLECULES...

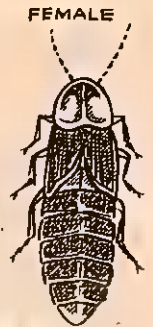
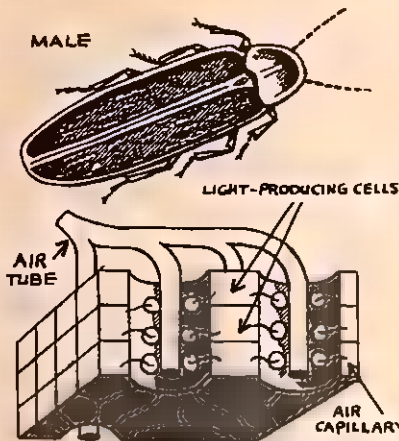
A SKUNK CAN SEND IT'S SPRAY IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF 10 OR 15 FEET...

THE ODOR OF TWO OR THREE DROPS CAN BE DETECTED EASILY AT HALF A MILE...



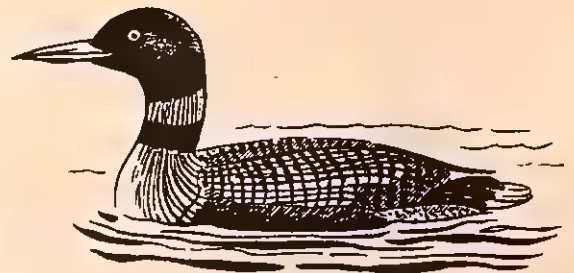
## FIREFLIES

OUR MOST EFFICIENT ELECTRIC LIGHT BULBS PUT ONLY 30 PER CENT OF THE CURRENT'S ENERGY INTO ILLUMINATION; THE OTHER 70 PER CENT GOES INTO USELESS HEAT... FIREFLY LIGHT IS ALMOST 100 PER CENT ILLUMINATION... THE LIGHT-GIVING ORGANS ARE MADE UP OF TWO LAYERS OF BODY TISSUE.. THE LAYER NEAREST THE OUTSIDE CONSISTS OF FINE GRAINS, WHILE THE NEXT LAYER IS COMPOSED OF CRYSTAL CELLS WHICH ACT AS REFLECTORS... THROUGH THE GRAINS RUN AIR TUBES AS WELL AS NERVES... THE NERVES COMMAND THE AIR TUBES TO OPEN WIDE... THEN A RICH SUPPLY OF OXYGEN RUSHES OVER THE GRAINS SO THAT THEY FLARE UP THE WAY A RED EMBER GLOWS WHEN BLOWN UPON.



## The COMMON LOON

IS THE MOST SKILLED AND DETERMINED OF ALL BIRD DIVERS... LOONS HAVE BEEN KNOWN TO DIVE TO DEPTHS OF 170 FEET AND TO STAY UNDER WATER FOR THREE MINUTES.



VERNON MILLER

## MUSK OXEN

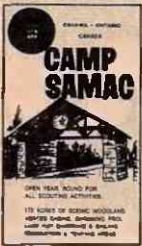
LIVE CLOSER TO THE NORTH POLE THAN ANY OTHER LAND ANIMALS... PROTECTED BY THEIR SHAGGY WOOL COATS, THEY WITHSTAND THE COLDEST ARCTIC WINTERS... THE MUSK OX IS THE GREAT LAND SURVIVOR OF THE ICE AGE.





# CAMPING

## TWO ADVENTURE FILLED CAMPSITES FOR SCOUTING



### CAMP SAMAC Training Base



Located on the northern city limits of the City of Oshawa, 172 acres of wooded camp grounds, a lake for sailing, a stream for fishing and a modern up-to-date swimming pool of double olympic scale.

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## OLYMPIC COACH

Continued from page 8

— the 19th Modern Olympiad.

The Olympic Ideal is this: "The important thing is not in the winning, but in the taking part. The important thing in life is not the triumph, but the struggle. The essential thing is not to have conquered, but to have fought well."

Most Canadian athletes feel that to be chosen for a Canadian Olympic Team represents one of their greatest goals in sports.

In track and field, standards have been set high, to keep the number of competitors down. In 1967, a total of 15 Canadians bettered the Olympic standards! Of these 15 athletes, three were teenagers: Wilf Wedmann, high jumper; Susan Nigh, high jumper, and Joan Fisher, 200 metres.


There were also four other teenagers who came close to the standards. They should exceed Olympic standards in 1968. It takes many thousands of youngsters competing in track and field programs to produce one Olympic-level athlete!

However, reaching Olympic standard is only the first step. To do well in Mexico City this year, our athletes will have to be mentally and physically ready to bring off their best efforts on the big day.

Mexico City is 7,300 feet above sea level, so our athletes will have to acclimatize themselves to thinner air — less oxygen than they're used to — by living at an altitude of 7,000 feet or more for three or four weeks before the games.

They will have to train their bodies to perform like precision machinery. They must train their minds, convince themselves they are as good as anyone else there!

Personally, I believe our athletes have the talents, the spirit, and the sheer determination to do well in Mexico.

Whether they win or lose, I'll still be proud of them — as long as they do their best. After all, "the important thing in the Olympic Games is not the winning, but the taking part." 

## FREE BRACELET OR PENDANT

(With "Your" Name Inscribed)



Boys! Girls! You'll love one of these! Both the Identification Bracelet and the Sweetheart Pendant are fine quality chrome finish — and Personalized with "YOUR" First Name Inscribed!

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Veribest Garden Seeds have been famous for over 30 years—They are Government-Tested and Guaranteed! There are over 50 popular varieties of both vegetables and flowers that your Friends want — most homes will buy at least 6 or 8 pkgs. We will send you 107 pkgs. (completely ass'd) to sell at 15c a pkg. When sold, you can choose a Prize from our Big, New Catalogue showing over "80" exciting, valuable Prizes or you can keep \$5.00 as your Cash Commission. When your order is paid you will receive as a "Special Bonus" your Personalized Bracelet or Pendant. Veribest Garden Seeds sell like Hot Cakes — just fill in the Coupon and mail TODAY!

Big new premium catalogue showing over 80 valuable prizes included with your order!

SEND NO MONEY —  
WE TRUST YOU!

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Dept. CBS.

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Please RUSH me a \$16.000 Order (107 pkgs.) of Veribest Garden Seeds to sell at 15c a pkg. When sold, I will send in the payment and choose either a Prize or Commission as my reward for selling. (When my order is paid, I will receive either a Personalized Bracelet or Pendant FREE.)

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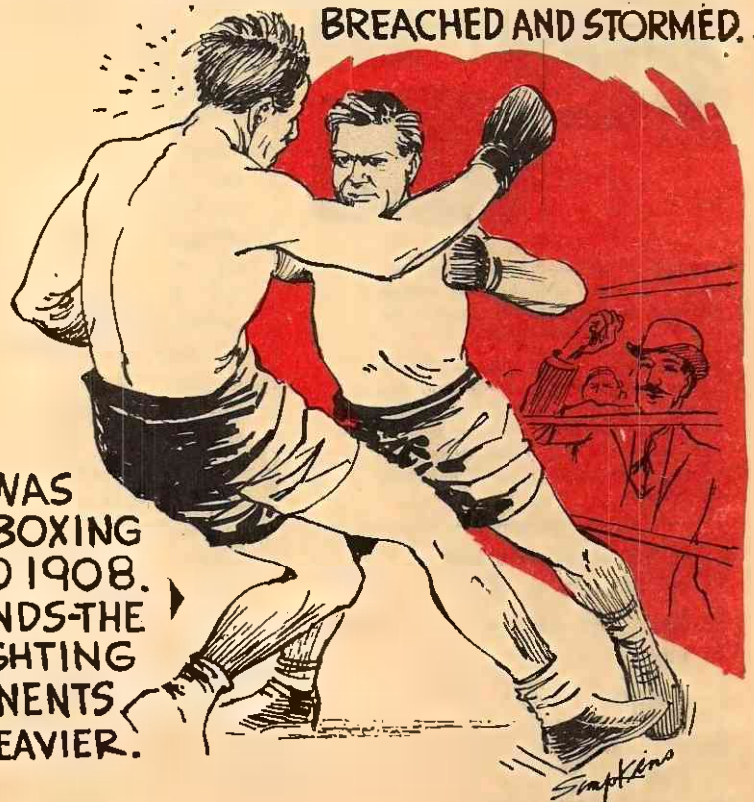


# GREAT CANADIANS

"BIG ALEX" McDONALD, CALLED KING OF THE YUKON, TRADED A SACK OF FLOUR FOR A GOLD CLAIM THAT LATER BROUGHT IN AN ESTIMATED \$20,000,000! YET, WHEN HE DIED, HE WAS PENNILESS AND ALONE IN A LITTLE LOG CABIN IN THE WILDERNESS.



WILLIAM HALL ROYAL NAVY, NOVA SCOTIA-BORN SON OF AN ESCAPED VIRGINIA SLAVE, THE FIRST NEGRO TO WIN THE VICTORIA CROSS, IN THE 1857 INDIAN MUNTINY AT LUCKNOW, WITH THE REST OF THE CREW KILLED BY GRAPESHOT FROM THE GARRISON, HE WORKED HIS HEAVY NAVAL GUN SINGLE-HANDED UNTIL THE WALL WAS BREACHED AND STORMED.



TOMMY BURNS OF HANOVER, ONTARIO WAS THE WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT BOXING CHAMPION FROM 1906 TO 1908. WEIGHING ONLY 162 POUNDS-THE SMALLEST EVER IN HIS FIGHTING CLASS-BURNS BEAT OPPONENTS SOMETIMES 100 POUNDS HEAVIER.



## SKY'S THE LIMIT

Continued from page 9

international field; too. Out west we seem to get more competition. We have meets with Oregon and Washington States every year, and in the last five competitions we haven't lost yet, in total points.

"And just watch these kids here today. We might even win the thing." I couldn't help laughing, just a little. "You don't believe me? You'll see. Canada has come a long way in sports. Sure, we have a long way to go. But for me, I want to stay in Canada — and do what I can to help."

And that comes from someone who has been offered athletic scholarships from the U.S. However, he started at B.C.'s Simon Fraser University where he is on an academic scholarship.

But if this country looked pretty good in the events at the tri-country meet, they had looked bad in the parade which started it off.

"We just don't have proper outer uniforms," the coach said, just as the first event got underway. "Our team has the familiar red track suit with the white maple leaf on it. You know, the shorts and jersey. But that's all."

When asked who paid for the jersey and shorts, Mr. Kerrison said, "A private individual. The same man who bought all the outfits for the Canadian team at the Pan-Am games." He tried to hide a scowl (or was it a wince?) when I said I thought the fitness council or some government department would have looked after uniforms at the Pan-Am games. After all, Canada was the host country and this was international competition. "No, no, they didn't, this gentleman," — he wouldn't mention the name, — "paid for all of them. And he bought us these track suits for today."

"What about the Olympics coming up in the summer?" I asked. He smiled and shook his head. Then he added, "If you want to watch Wedmann compete in the high jump, you'd better slide over there. I wouldn't be surprised if he broke a record today."

The excitement was mounting. As I walked to the high jump area I heard that Canada's Jay Dahlgren had won the women's javelin throw. Doug Scorrar had given Canada a first in the three mile event. Wilf Wedmann had joined into the high jump competition (the event had started at five feet eight inches, though he waited until the bar was set at six feet two

inches before he started in).

Less than a broad-jump away Doug Morris of Toronto was getting some stiff competition from Alain Legroin of France in the pole vault division.

An official slid up to me as I was making some notes. Wilf had cleared six-two.

"England's in the lead right now," he said. "They have 181 points. Canada is next with 160 and France trails with 129." He then turned all his attention to the jumper.

Wilf Wedmann was pushing his shoulders back. He bounced lightly on his toes, then he ambled toward the horizontal bar. As he came up to it he dropped slightly into a spring and shot up. He had used so little energy at this point that it looked as though he were in slow motion.

He cleared the bar by a country mile. When he pulled himself off the billowy cushion on the other side he was smiling.

Dave Ladore, his teammate in this event winked, as he rubbed his one bare foot in the grass. He always jumped with one track shoe on, one off. It was his turn after Robert Taylor of England.

Over at the high jump Doug Morris stood well back from the pole vault pit. The bar was at 14 feet and almost nine inches. Others, including Canada's Alan Kane, were out. Only Alain Legroin and Doug were left.

Doug let the pole drop to knee level. His right hand clutched the fibreglas pole where, at the top, it was bound with white tape. He tried to relax. He had never done better than 14 feet, six inches. Anywhere. Somewhere he had to find nearly three more inches of room, straight up.

From the stands close by you could have heard a pin drop. Then the pole vaulter was off and running. He came down the narrow asphalt track full out, the pole thrust out in front of him.

As he neared the standard the pole's end slammed into the metal slot. The body went up. The pole bent like a drawn bow. Doug's feet were up first, as they arched over the bar. Would the rest of his body catch the bar?

Then he was dropping clear. He heard a roar from the crowd as he dropped through space to land in the acres of sponge and cushions directly below him. He had just set the Canadian junior pole vault mark at 14 feet eight and three quarter inches.

Moments later he said, "Getting

the pole into that slot is the hardest. No kidding. The pole, away out in front is moving all over and you can't slow down to make sure it goes in.

"You have to hit it hard. And right on. I went up. Halfway . . ." he said, a little breathlessly, "you're . . . almost upside down. I thought I was going off to one side. I figured I could correct it. You know, straighten out. And I did. Boy, am I glad."

Back at the high jump Dave Ladore, Wilf's only competitor, dropped out at six feet, four inches. The next two inches up had been his downfall.

Wilf Wedmann kept going. He did six feet six inches, six-eight. The week before at the trials to pick the Canadian junior team he had broken the Canadian native mark, setting a new one at six feet eight. Today he was out to better that.

At 4:43 that afternoon, Wedmann, number 41, was trying for six feet, nine inches, at the high jump. At the same moment Doug Morris was racing toward a fifteen foot pole vault.

At 4:44 both missed. Wilf Wedmann paced around with his hands on the back of his head, pulling gently forward. Doug took a bit of a walk.


England was leading by 10 points. Not all the results were in, though, apart from these two events.

4:54. Doug Morris missed for the second time. He had another chance. There was a sudden cheer from the high jump pit. Wilf had made it. He was going on to six feet nine and a half.

Almost on the dot of 4:56 — we have a winner and a loser. Doug Morris had set a Canadian record, but missed the 15-foot vault. Over the loudspeaker a voice said, "Wilf Wedmann has just set a Canadian native record for the men's high jump at six feet nine and a half inches."

The circus is over. The performers head for the showers and a discussion of what they did or should have done.

The score? England won by a single point, 208 to Canada's 207. France trailed with 173. Coach Kerrison must be smiling now, I thought. One little point. Not bad. I could see it on the sport pages across the country in the Monday editions. Canada loses by one point.

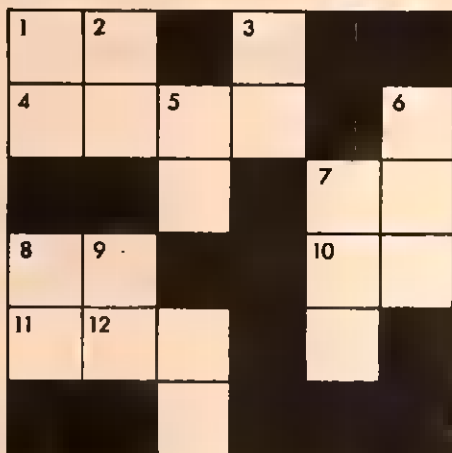
Wilf Wedmann was happy. As he left the field he muttered to himself that all he had to do was clear seven feet. Just another three inches and then he would know himself that he was ready for the Olympics. 

# Announcing

## A BRAND NEW CONTEST!

### CB'S 1968 HOCKEY PUZZLE CONTEST

CAN MEAN CASH PRIZES FOR YOU!



Just read the clues  
and figure out the  
correct solution to  
this hockey puzzle,  
and big money  
prizes can  
be yours!  
Here  
are the clues:

BY J. A. H. HUNTER

ACROSS

DOWN

- |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 Sum of points scored by Seal and Bear Patrols.</p> <p>4 Four-digit telephone number of Troop Headquarters.</p> <p>7 Twice the total points scored by the winning patrol.</p> <p>8 Total points the runner-up would have scored — if that patrol had won their last game.</p> <p>10 Square of Mink Patrol's total points.</p> <p>11 A perfect square.</p> | <p>1 Number of points scored by Elk Patrol.</p> <p>2 Twice the total score of Fox Patrol.</p> <p>3 Square of Owl Patrol's total points.</p> <p>5 Four times Elk Patrol's total score.</p> <p>6 Eleven times the total scored by Fox Patrol.</p> <p>7 Square of Elk Patrol's score.</p> <p>8 Number of points scored by Fox Patrol.</p> <p>9 Both digits the same.</p> <p>12 The grand total of points scored by all six patrols.</p> |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

There are six patrols in the 2nd Tulla Troop. This past winter, hockey was the big feature at all the troop meetings. Each patrol played each of the other five patrols twice, for a total of ten games each. A win scored two points; a tie scored one point. The patrol that gained top points for the season won the Hockey Challenge Cup. In the final totals, Bear Patrol beat Seal Patrol by one point. The winning patrol, Elk Patrol, won the series, and the Cup, with an 18-point total.

These clues to this cross-number puzzle should help you get started. Remember, no letters in the puzzle — just numbers!

The first correct solution drawn from the Hockey Puzzle mailbag wins a cheque for \$25.00—tax free! Second correct answer to the Hockey Puzzle wins a cheque for \$10.00, and the third correct entry drawn wins a cheque for \$5.00. Winners are to be announced in the June '68 issue of CANADIAN BOY. Absolute deadline for Hockey Puzzle Contest entries is midnight of April 30th, 1968. If you don't want to chop up your copy of CB, draw the puzzle diagram accurately on a separate sheet of paper, fill in your figures, and mail your entry to HOCKEY PUZZLE CONTEST, CANADIAN BOY, Box 5151 Station F, Ottawa 5, Ontario. Be sure and print your name, address, and age on the back of your entry. This contest is open to all CB subscribers.

## SPACEJUMPERS

Continued from page 20

where the plants looked healthier. Hovering in the warmer air, looking for the healthiest specimen, he unfastened his glove so it would be easier to open his pocket-knife. But the knife slipped from his hand and, grabbing for it, he also dropped his glove. These fell toward the ground and the plants.

Neither hit the ground. When the glove and knife came within two feet of the plants, the leaves and stems exploded into violent action and grabbed both articles out of mid-air.

The two objects slowly disappeared from view. "They actually dissolved in the juices of that plant," observed Foureyes. "A steel knife and a glove that's made out of a material supposedly indestructible!"

"Imagine what they'd do to us if we got near enough!" said Jim, his eyes wide in amazement.

"Good thing you're such a sloppy oaf, Bingo," said Moose. "Otherwise we might not have known about the plants until it was too late!"

"Whaddaya mean, sloppy?" said Bingo, blazing mad. "I dropped them on purpose, as a — er — a test!!"

"I guess that's why Jeannie's ESP tried to warn us about this tunnel," said Foureyes.

The Spacejumpers hovered, with extra care this time, beyond the reach of anything-eating plants, until the sun rose, and warmed the caves and tunnels, and eventually melted the ice from their exit.

It took the kids three hours to find their ship. They worked for another two hours taking on a load of luxinium. Then they spent one more hour travelling the 2,673 light-years back to Earth, and during that time Jeannie concentrated on getting home. Bingo concentrated on holding back one of his monstrous sneezes. Moose caught up on his lost snoozing time, as usual.

Foureyes, who was navigating, with Jim's help, turned to his chum and said with a grin: "Looks like everything's back to normal around here!"

Jim chuckled and pressed a button in readiness for their landing, on good old Terra— home— and, who knows?

Watch for another Spacejumpers Adventure in Canadian Boy, coming in September!



## CAPTAIN KIDD

Continued from page 17

seemed to be cement, oak, and loose metal. The only metal that was brought up was three tiny gold chain links. In trying to plug the flow of tidewater into the pit, searchers have discovered a system of artificial flood tunnels, some of them including drains of coconut fibre, a substance not native to Nova Scotia. In 1897 a tiny piece of parchment was recovered by boring, with the letters "vi" or "w".

In all, at least twenty-two major shafts have been sunk at the main, "Money Pit" location, and many others elsewhere on the island. One of the searchers was Franklin D. Roosevelt, later President of the United States, who was a member of the 1909-1912 expedition. Most of the efforts were made by intelligent, serious men — not cranks — who really believed there was something there.

If there is treasure on Oak Island, who put it there? It must have been done before 1760, when the area was settled, and since the work would have taken a ship's crew at least two years, probably before the building of nearby Halifax in 1749. Although different people believe treasure was buried there by the Vikings, the Aztecs, Scottish refugees, and many other groups, the most popular belief is that loot was left there by the crew of the pirate Captain Kidd, in about 1700.

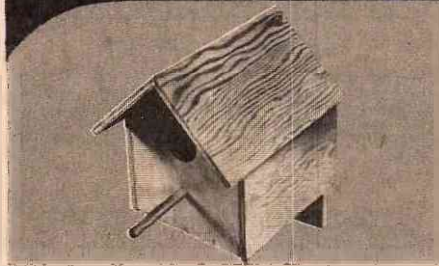
Two main surveys were planned, one on land and one under water. Our first project was to survey Oak Island, except for the "Money Pit" area, and also the five islands that surround Oak: Frog, Apple, Squid, Sam, and Mash. The second scheme involved Professor Harold Edgerton of the famous Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He is a self-made millionaire with his inventions of stroboscopes, but with his southern drawl and friendly, easy-going manner you could easily take him to be a farmer. Using his latest invention, a depth-sounding device developed from sonar, we searched for unusual irregularities both on the bottom and as much as fifty feet beneath the sediment, which might correspond with wrecks marked on Kidd's treasure map or with an underwater hiding place.

Before doing any actual treasure-hunting, we had to set up our campsite on Frog Island. We spent several

Continued on page 32



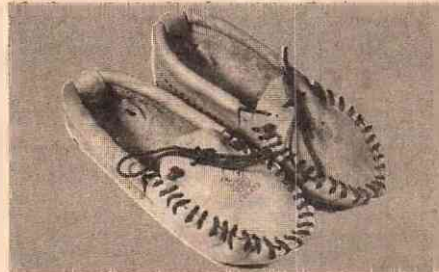
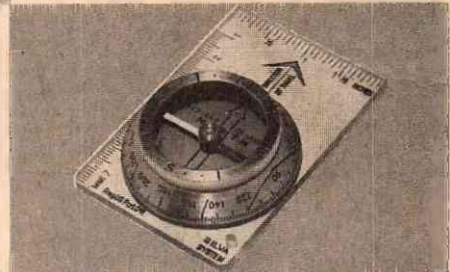
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Cat. 54-105 ..... \$2.95



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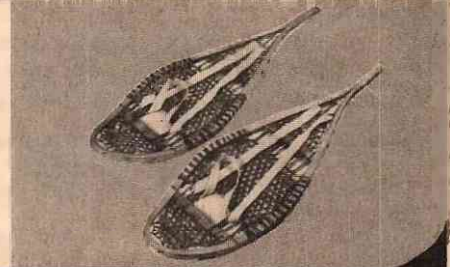


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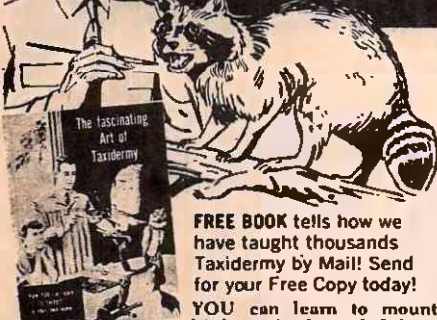


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# Stamp Corner

This seems like a good place to list Canada's new stamps for 1968.

First issue, released February 15, is another in the wildlife heritage series. It depicts the Gray Jay.

On March 13, the 200th anniversary of the first meteorological readings is commemorated with a five-cent stamp. The narwhal will be the subject of a second wildlife stamp, on April 10. The narwhal is a rare mammal found in Canada's Far North.

The need for optimum use and conservation of water resources will be reflected in a stamp recognizing Canada's active participation in the International Hydrological Decade, to be issued May 8. Then, on June 5, a special stamp will mark the 300th anniversary of the voyage of the *Non-such*. This vessel figured prominently in the opening up of the Canadian West through the fur trade.

Sport will be honored on July 3 with the issue of a special stamp for lacrosse, North America's oldest organized game. Lacrosse is known to have been played by the Indians for many years before any white explorers arrived in North America.

As usual, there will be a set of two for Christmas 1968, with October 9 set as the issue date.

On November 6, a five-cent stamp will commemorate the 50th anniversary of the Armistice which officially ended World War One, still known to some as The Great War (1914-1918).

Postmaster - General Jean - Pierre Côté says one or two prominent personages from the pages of Canadian history will be honored in stamps. But the names of the historic figures and the dates of issue for these stamps are still being decided.

Since many of our readers collect stamps of the United States of America, details of that country's 1968 philatelic program would seem to be in order.

HemisFair 68 (the international exposition at San Antonio, Texas), to be released sometime in April '68; Sesqui-centennial of Illinois Statehood, February 12; Fiftieth Anniversary of U.S. Air Mail Service, May 15.

The following are also planned, but their issue dates have not been decided: Walt Disney, Law Enforce-

ment, American Painting, and American Folklore. The U.S. Post Office Department expects to announce another eight stamps, including several in the Famous American series, to round out their 1968 program.

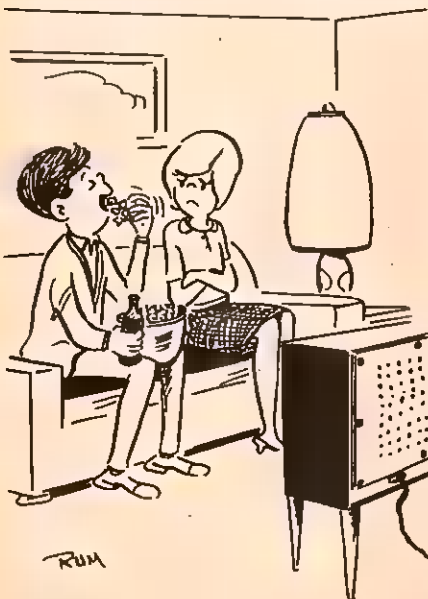
Reader Bob Purse of 2 Tettenthal Road, Islington, Ontario, would like advice on how to order first day covers. He's interested in U.S.A., Canada, and Great Britain, in particular. For England, Bob, contact GPO Headquarters, St. Martin's-le-Grand, London EC1, England. Information about U.S. stamps and covers is available from the U.S. Post Office Department, Washington, D.C. 20260, U.S.A.

In Canada, write to the Philatelic Section, Post Office Department, Ottawa. Bob says he would be glad to hear from other readers for more information about ordering covers from these and other countries.

Last fall, the Virgin Islands and Bermuda issued sets of stamps to commemorate the inauguration of telephone service between those two countries. These are interesting stamps, and collectors should still be able to get them without too much trouble. They are Crown Agents' releases.

Uniquely situated at the crossroads of the Atlantic, Bermuda is a major centre for international communications. The new telephone cable to Tortola is 900 miles long! Tortola (Land of the Turtle Dove) is the largest of the 40 British Virgin Islands.

By H. L. Woodman



"Now isn't this just as good as a drive-in—popcorn and everything?"

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THE CAMPING DEPARTMENT  
BOY SCOUTS OF CANADA  
GREATER TORONTO REGION  
1162 BAY STREET  
TORONTO 5, ONT.

(PHOTOS COURTESY GLOBE & MAIL)

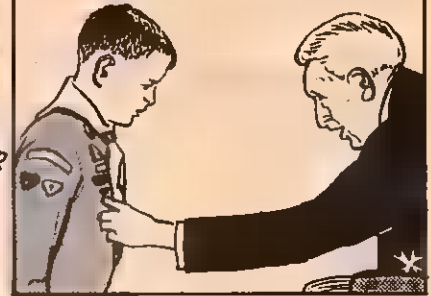
# award for valour.....

*JAMES SNYDER, 23, PLUNGED INTO THE MALASPINA STRAITS AT POWELL RIVER, B.C., FULLY-CLOTHED, TO RESCUE HIS GIRLFRIEND WHEN SHE GOT INTO DIFFICULTY IN THE WATER... SNYDER WAS NOT A STRONG SWIMMER AND WAS SOON IN TROUBLE HIMSELF.... ROY LONG, 10, SITTING ON SHORE, SAW WHAT WAS HAPPENING AND DIVED IN TO HELP SNYDER... THE MAN WRESTLED WITH ROY AND TRIED TO HOLD THE BOY'S ARMS....*



*SEVERAL TIMES ROY BROKE THE HOLD AND EVENTUALLY GOT SNYDER INTO SHALLOW WATER... ANOTHER BOY MEANWHILE HELPED THE GIRL SNYDER HAD TRIED TO RESCUE.... SNYDER WAS UNCONSCIOUS BY THE TIME ROY GOT HIM TO SHORE, WHERE POLICE AND FIREMEN WORKED OVER HIM, UNTIL AN AMBULANCE TOOK THE MAN TO HOSPITAL....*

*FOR HIS GALLANT, DETERMINED AND SUCCESSFUL EFFORT TO SAVE MR. SNYDER FROM DROWNING, SIXER ROY LONG OF THE 10TH ASSUMPTION PACK, POWELL RIVER, WAS PRESENTED THE SILVER CROSS BY THE LATE GOVERNOR-GENERAL VANIER... LATER, FOR THE SAME RESCUE, ROY WAS ALSO AWARDED A BRONZE MEDAL AND FIVE-HUNDRED DOLLARS, BY THE CARNEGIE HERO FUND COMMISSION....*



## CAPTAIN KIDD

*Continued from page 29*

days ferrying supplies over from the town of Chester, clearing and levelling land, and setting up tents. One entire day was occupied in building a dock. The dock was made from rocks and driftwood in the same manner as the Egyptian pyramids: materials carried from afar in arms, shirts, and baskets all afternoon. Unfortunately, we did not quite beat the tide — one of the highest of the season — and we had to take more time later to raise the level by another half foot.

Difficulties began to plague us early in the trip. A fire, luckily extinguished quickly, destroyed part of the main tent, while two other fires were put out before any damage was done. Also, our fleet of boats began to develop engine trouble, at first in turn but later all at once. At one point, our largest boat sank in an overnight gale.

The first task involved in surveying was cutting paths across Frog Island, dividing it up and providing routes to our well and spring. These paths were labelled with traffic signs made by John Bryer in one of his rare bursts of energy. Some examples: "Route 69

— Frog Island Water Works and South Shore", "Warning—Your \$2000 Medical Insurance is Invalid Beyond This Point", and "Beware of the Giant Rabbits". Next, similar lines were cut to divide the island into sections, one for each member of the expedition. It then became the duty of each boy to complete the survey in his section. To cover a section properly, it was necessary to bring an instrument within three feet of every square inch of space in it. Some areas were densely covered with trees and bush, making it very hard going, even with a lot of machete work. When Frog Island was finished, we covered the other islands in much the same way, leaving Oak Island until last.

The ocean survey provided exciting results at first — about twenty anomalies, some of them corresponding quite closely with the marks on Kidd's map. (This map, found in Kidd's sea chest shortly after he was hanged in 1701, is believed to give the location of his treasure. The position marked is that of an empty stretch of ocean in the Pacific, as several British government expeditions found out, but by a very simple change such as Kidd might have used as a code, the posi-

tion becomes that of Oak Island. This map was stolen recently from its English owner, a crime that as far as I know has not yet been solved.) The scuba divers, Pete Beamish and Mike Renton, had a lot of trouble because of low visibility on the bottom; often they could see no farther than a foot and a half. Some of the anomalies remain unexplored, but every one that was investigated turned out to be a huge rock, left there by a glacier. Mike complained that he was getting quite sore from swimming into them head-first.

I think that our expedition more or less proved that there is no buried treasure outside of the "Money Pit" area on any of the islands surveyed. However, having been to Oak Island and having read and heard the story of the search for treasure there, I am completely convinced that there still is a treasure of great value in the "Money Pit", and I am sure that one day someone will bring it out. According to newspapers, a new expedition is being planned in Nova Scotia to drill into the "Money Pit". Perhaps they will be the ones to firmly locate the treasure, and will eventually recover it. Time will tell.



## SLOT CAR RACING

Continued from page 15

because they operate in Canada now in a big way.

If you've received a car kit — or a home racing set — as a present or as a result of hard work and diligent saving, you should take a slow, careful look at the underside of your favorite car. You can "hot up" and maybe come up with a real world-beater! And it needn't cost a fortune, either.

First thing that must be taken care of is the proper breaking-in of your motor and drive gears. Read the manufacturer's instructions. You can apply a small amount of LaBelle motor lube — just a couple of drops on the motor bearings — and get up to 70 percent improvement in performance!

LaBelle gear lube can be applied to the teeth of the driving machinery and you'll notice another couple of thousand r.p.m. coming out of the li'l bomb, without spin-off or splatter.

The motor lube can be used on your car's wheels, too, to minimize friction there.

*Remember: use small amounts of these lubricants. Better to use too little than too much. You can always add another drop. Too much means a mess!*

Place your car on the track, guide shoe in slot, and hold the rear end clear so that the drive wheels can spin free. Run your motor at slow speed for about 30 minutes.

Do not give the motor full power until after this breaking-in period, or the windings in the motor will burn out or, at least, flip off and tangle. If that happens, you're in for a few dollars out of pocket.

Back to tires for a moment, and "goo" or "gunk" or whatever you want to call it. BuzCo puts out stuff called "Instant Handle" which is good on a commercial track. But check track or club rules before using it. It's hard to get in Canada, but you can get it from Auto World, Box 961, Scranton, Pennsylvania, zip 18501. For 25 cents Oscar's boys at Auto World will send you their big catalogue full of drooly slotting accessories and tons of other goodies.

Rigby's of Canada, 3847 Bloor Street West, Islington, Ont., near Toronto, will be able to fill most mail orders from slot car buffs who can't get what they want in local hobby shops. Write to Rigby's for a catalogue and you can forget about customs and excise costs, which you would have to pay on anything you brought in from the States.

There are a half-dozen magazines on the newsstands for slot racing people. They'll keep you up-to-date on what's new with Aurora HO, Monogram, AMT, Revell, Cox, K & B, Dynamic, BuzCo, Strombecker and Eldon.

In spite of what the scoffers say, slot cars are still grabbing the imagination of new people every day. The industry's boom of two years ago has admittedly levelled off, but it's still big business.

And slotting is still one of the fastest hobby-sports on earth. What else allows you to push a miniature machine, with only the pad of your thumb, up to 200 scale miles an hour or better?

Slot car racing not only packs a handful of thrills, and teaches you timing and co-ordination, it's fun!

So grab on to a "hot" throttle and buzz one of those li'l go-go-boats through a few rapid laps. You'll see what we mean!



# What are you doing this summer?

How about spending a week or two with: **Billy Harris, Dave Keon, Marcel Pronovost, Bruce Gamble, and other hockey stars?**

This summer, do something really different, exciting and rewarding.

Attend one or more of the seven weekly hockey sessions of The Billy Harris-Dave Keon Hockey School, at the Doublerink Arenas near Woodbridge, just north of Toronto, from July 14th, through August 31st.

**DIFFERENT? YES!** Learning hockey during the summer is different. But, more important, you'll be learning under the watchful eye of N.H.L. stars who are your teachers. That's different.

**EXCITING? YES!** You'll meet Billy Harris, Dave Keon, Marcel Pronovost, Bruce Gamble, and other top N.H.L. players. They'll give you on-ice personal instruction, chalk-talks, question-and-answer periods and hockey movies. That's exciting.

**REWARDING? YES!** You'll become a better hockey player. Top professionals will be showing you the right way to skate, shoot, pass and play positional hockey. That's rewarding.

Make sure there is room for you. Fill in the coupon below and mail it today to receive complete information of The Billy Harris-Dave Keon Hockey School. Do it now.

## The Billy Harris - Dave Keon Hockey School

Box 74, Etobicoke (Toronto), Ont.

The School With Personal Instruction



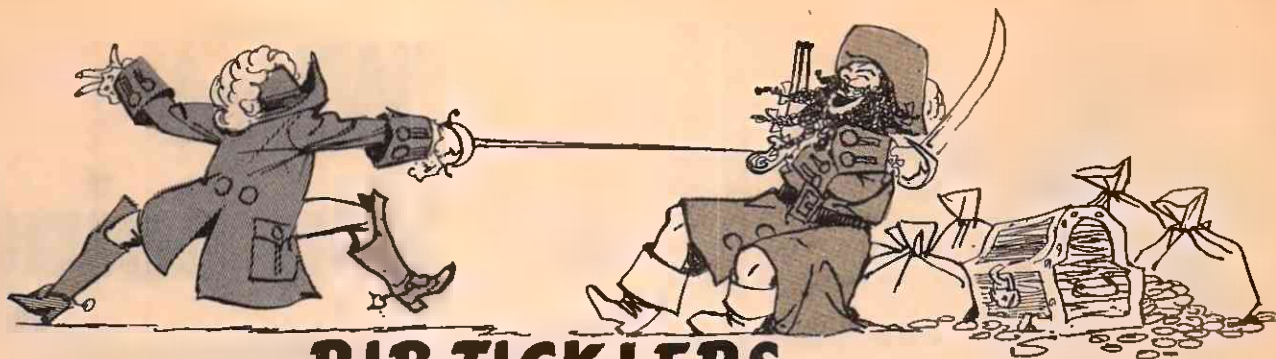
Dear Bill & Dave:

Please send me complete details about your hockey school. I understand there is no obligation.

NAME ..... AGE .....

ADDRESS ..... APT. NO. ....

CITY OR TOWN ..... PROV. ....



## RIB TICKLERS

Terry, at the movies: Good gosh! We've got to go home right away!

Jerry: Why, what's the matter?

Terry: I just remembered — I forgot to turn off the electric iron!

Jerry: Don't worry, nothing will burn. I forgot to turn off the water!

*Kerry Bath, Port Alberni, B.C.*

Nick: Where are we eating?

Dick: Let's eat up the street.

Nick: Let's not — I hate concrete.

*Gary Ward, Granby, Que.*

Two absent-minded professors were on their way to work when one of them said: "Don't forget to turn right at the end of this next bridge!" And the other professor replied: "Oh? I thought you were driving!"

*Harvey Peever, Yorktown, Sask.*

Q: Why did the boy drown in bed?

A: The bed spread, the pillow slipped, and he fell right into the spring!

*Robert Gombik, Winnipeg, Man.*

Burglar: This is a stickup! Put up your hands, or else —

Clerk: Or else what?

Burglar: Don't confuse me, this is my first job.

*Glen Dick, Edmonton, Alta.*

Father: Since when did you become a nature lover?

Daughter: Ever since The Beatles, The Monkees, The Animals, and The Rolling Stones!

*Billy Loucks, Delson, Que.*

John: Do you know, Sis, that the stars are all different sizes?

Judy: Really? Gee, you sure know a lot about stars.

John: Of course I do! One of my best subjects was agriculture!

*Marc Lieberman, Edmonton, Alta.*

Daffynishun: Mushroom is the distance between an Eskimo and his dog team. *Ron Takenaka, Winfield, B.C.*

Q: What do you call a tax collector?

A: An income-poop!

*Bill Tieleman, Abbotsford, B.C.*

An old couple came into a restaurant and ordered their food. But the waiter noticed, after he had served them, that the man did not eat. He asked if there was anything wrong, and the man replied: "Oh, no, I'm just waiting my turn." The waiter asked: "Your turn, sir?" And the old man answered: "Yes. Ma's using the teeth just now!"

*Brian O'Reilly, Galt, Ont.*

Mrs. Jones: Hello, Mrs. Smith! You look nice this morning.

Mrs. Smith: I wish I could say the same for you!

Mrs. Jones: You could, if you were as big a liar as I am!

*Gerry Thompsett, Saskatoon, Sask.*

Tommy: Television will never take the place of a newspaper.

Stephen: Why?

Tommy: Have you ever tried to swat a fly with a television set?

*Mark Thomas Johnson, Bridgewater, N.S.*

Louis: I was born in Canada.

Jake: What part?

Louis: All of me!

*Ricky Coleman, Maxville, Ont.*

Teacher: Linda, please tell us why you object to wars.

Linda: Wars make history. History makes tests!

*Martin Caine, Vancouver, B.C.*

Q: What kind of a driver never needs a licence?

A: A screw driver!

*James Homer, Arnprior, Ont.*

Q: What belongs to you that your friends use more than you do?

A: Your name.

*Mark Bilton, Wainwright, Alta.*

Teacher: Cornfucius, where was the American Declaration of Independence signed?

Cornfucius: At the bottom!

*Dick Rogers, Wolfville, N.S.*

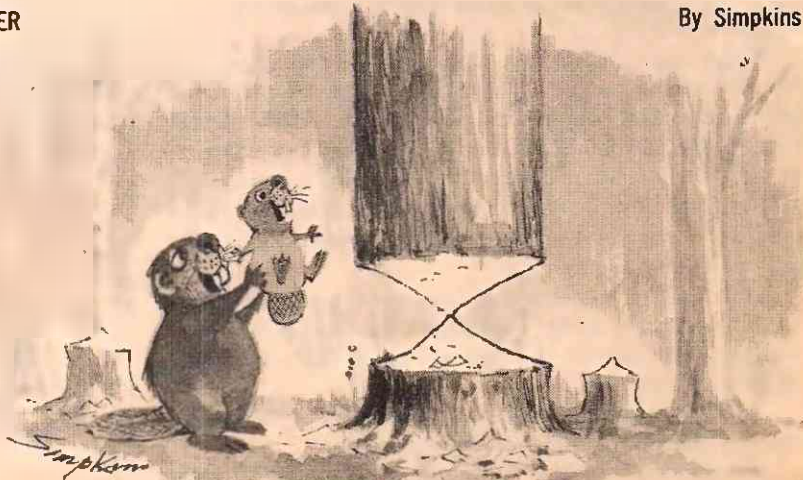
Q: Why does a dragon sleep in the daytime?

A: Because he hunts knights.

*Steve Danz, West Vancouver, B.C.*

## CHOPPER

By Simpkins



"BLOW!"